Inside: No-one cheats Hellbrandt Grimm!

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WARHAMMER MONTHLY

In this issue—

Ulli & Marquand

—Name your price!

Kal Jerico • Titan • Bloodquest

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

BANEBLADE, you sickeningly heroic Ultramarine worm! Where are you, you vile lapdog of order and justice? Come here, wretch! I have need of you! Come on, where are you?

WHAT? *Oh, sorry Choos filth. I was just enjoying the new issue of Warhammer Monthly. It is fortuitous, is it not, that a copy of the latest number turns up here in the endless reaches of the Immaterium every month without fail?*

NEVER MIND that, you worm! I have need of you. Tell me, and tell me quick – have you such a thing as a spade? Come on, come on, I need a spade. Or a shovel. Or any form of excavating tool. Just hurry up, will you; if you have such an item, hand it over forthwith!

WHY DO YOU ASK, *oh spawn of all that is unholy? Oh no, let me guess... Let me see now... Oh no, surely not! Ah ha haaa! Surely you aren't thinking to... Why, even you wouldn't be so stupid as to... You are! You are! I can see it in your face!*

I DON'T KNOW what you mean, you snivelling lackey of the Imperium!

YOU GREAT FOOL, *Gutspew. Do you really think that you could dig yourself a great big dungeon, then shove me down it like Hellbrandt Grimm?*

BY KHORNE, now my blood is really on the boil! Have you got a spade or not?

YOU WANT IT, *fiend? You've got it. Tool, entrenching, Adeptus Astartes for the use of, one. Here you go!* ***WHANG!*** *To think you could trick me!* **SCHLANG!** *Just how daft do you think I am!?* **BRUNGG!** *Ouch, that must have really hurt! Have some more...* **SPRANG! DANG! WHANNG!** *This is even more fun than the bolter – come back and get shovel, worm!* **SLANGG! SLANNG! SLANNG! SLANNG!**

NEXT ISSUE: ephraeL goes to war.

Inside this comic...

TITAN

Princeps Hekate and the crew of Imperius Dictatio find themselves face to face with the utterly alien Eldar.

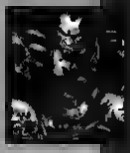
HELLBRANDT GRIMM

The notorious bounty hunter Hellbrandt Grimm returns in another wicked tale of deceit and betrayal.

BLOODQUEST

Leonatos and his exiled Space Marines face their greatest fears in the insane labyrinth of Tzeentch.

MORDHEIM



Ulli and Marquand face the creeping horror of the undead in Mordheim – City of the Damned!

KAL JERICO

Kal sticks to his guns – and the Bounty Hunter's Code of Honour – as he blasts his way through the Underhive.

GAMES WORKSHOP

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SOMEWHERE IN THE WARP

HERO OF THE IMPERIUM!

• I have read some people's ideas on how to improve WHM, and I have come up with a few ideas myself. The Black Library produces great novels and stuff, but how about some stories like how the current chapter master of the Ultramarines, Dark Angels, Blood Angels and other famous Space Marine Chapters came to be? Or maybe a book about a famous Ultramarine(s) campaign, like Ichar IV or the Battle of Macragge.

In past issues, some people suggested trying to make Warhammer 40,000 into a sci-fi movie. That would be a pretty good idea. You can start with a little history about the creation of the first Space Marines, then go to the Battle For Terra (Horus Heresy, I guess), then a little history for the Eldar and Tyranids, then a Space Marines and Imperial Guard and Eldar Vs. Tyranids battle. And so on... Maybe you should add colour to your comic strips. If you have a Space Marine vs. Space Marine battle, you wouldn't be able to tell the difference unless you put a chapter badge/insignia on everyone.

I think that the mini-comics about Gutspew and Baneblade are really funny. Why don't you make a comic strip or book about how they got to the Warp in the first place. Or maybe you should draw up something about them for the mini-comic instead of just showing their expression and their face.

Hey, Baneblade? You seem to have infinite ammo in your bolter (or is it master-crafted?). Why don't you try unloading a clip into Gutspew?

— Ryan Ng, via email

By the Emperor, what a splendid suggestion. Come here, Bileous, you foul servant of the Dark Powers! Taste bolter shell, fiend! Oh... must have run off like the cowardly cur he is.

As to your suggestions, Master Ng, I shall save most of them to pass on to the Chapter Masters when I am rescued. However, I have picked up word here in the Warp that work proceeds apace on the Bloodquest movie and that more news is on our "web site", whatever that is. Is it anything like an Eldar webway – because if it is I want nothing to do with it. Pointy-headed alien heretics! Gah!

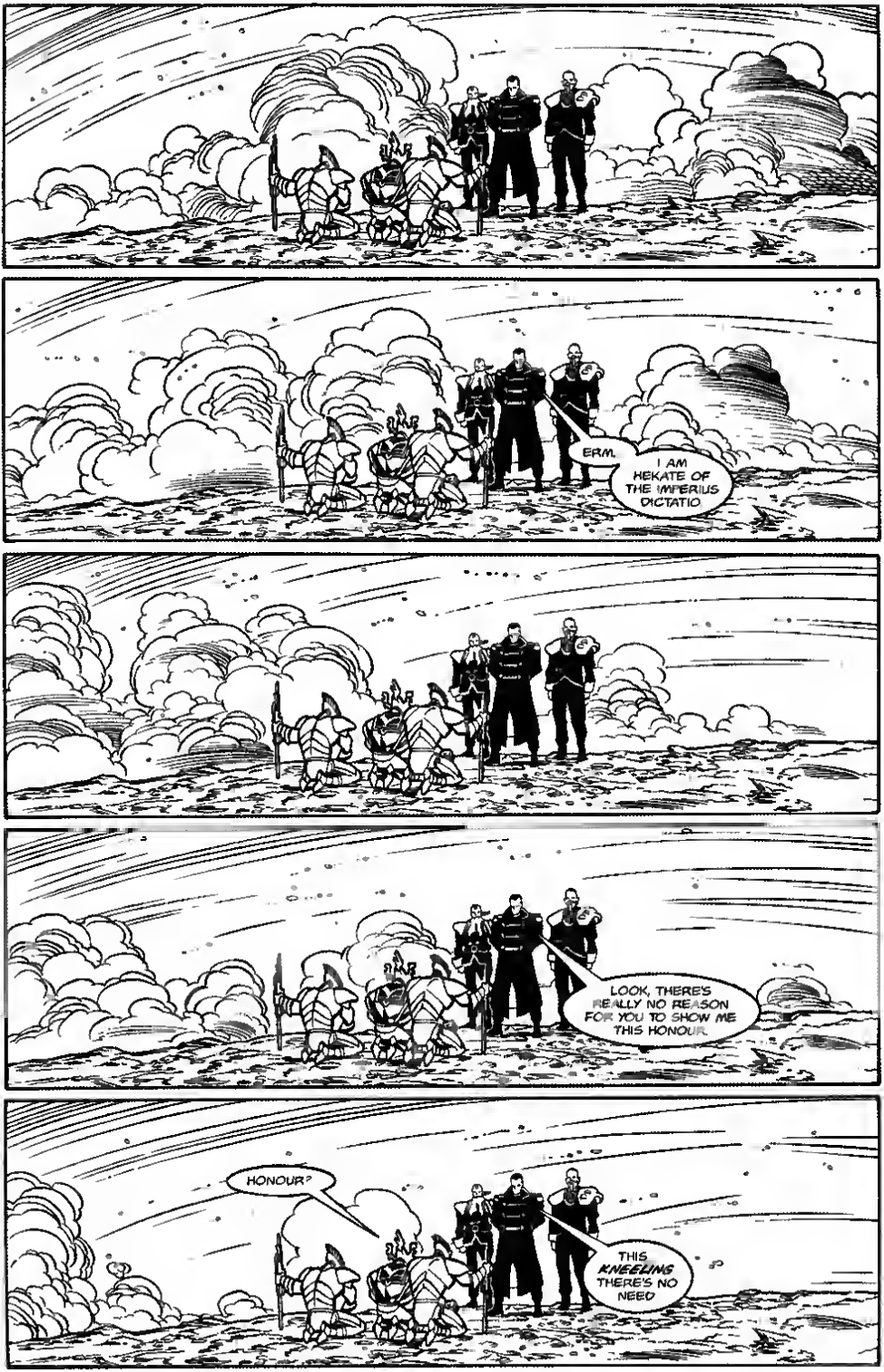
• Dear Black Librarians,

I am E-mailing you to give you some suggestions on how to improve the Black Library (no offence).

1. More stories about Orks (Waaaa

TITAN
VIVAPORIUS
SCRIPT DAN ABNETT
PENCILS ANTHONY WILLIAMS
INKS ANDY LANNING
LETTERS FIONA STEPHENSON
PART EIGHT
AT THE FRONT LINE OF THE WAR WORLD VIVAPORIUS...
IT'S A TRICK! THIS IS MADNESS, PRINCEPS!
TO YOUR STATION, MODERATI VOSS! I HAVE FAITH IN WHAT I'M DOING!
BUT PRINCEPS! FOR THE LAST TWENTY MINUTES WE'VE BEEN TOOTH AND NAIL WITH THESE ELDAR!
SO MAYBE IT'S PAST TIME TO PARLEY.
NALLEN AND DORN WILL ACCOMPANY ME. SEE TO THE GUNS, VOSS. I WANT YOU READY.
HOW WILL WE PARLEY, PRINCEPS? DO YOU SPEAK ELDAR TONGUE?
NOT NOW, NALLEN.
YOU WON'T NEED THAT. WE'RE HERE TO TALK.
OH.
AS YOU SAY, PRINCEPS.

THERE THEY ARE.
DON'T EITHER OF YOU DO ANYTHING STUPID.
"WHAT IN THE EMPEROR'S NAME ARE THEY DOING?"
"KNEELING, PRINCEPS."
YOUR POWERS OF OBSERVATION ARE ASTONISHING, DORN.
WHAT I REALLY MEANT IS WHY?
BECAUSE THEY'RE OVERAWED BY YOUR PRESENCE, PRINCEPS?
SHUT UP, DORN


ERM.
I AM HEKATE OF THE IMPERIUS DICTATIO
LOOK, THERE'S REALLY NO REASON FOR YOU TO SHOW ME THIS HONOUR
HONOUR?
THIS KNEELING THERE'S NO NEED

THE PULSE OF THE LAND DEMANDS OUR ATTENTION AND WE CELEBRATE IT WITH THIS OBSERVANCE
OUR OBEISANCE IS NOT DUE TO YOU
OO-KAY
THE LAND, RIGHT ERM...
I'M HEKATE... LIKE I SAID...
LOOK, ARE YOU FARENDIS?
I - YAH!
THERE HAS BEEN A MEDLEY OF BLOOD AND GENETIC MAGIC, A STRUCTURE OF DYNASTIC SPIRIT. GENERATIONS HAVE CAUSED THIS TO BE SO. OUR HEARTBEATS ARE YOUR LIFETIMES.
I AM THE VITALITY OF MY CRAFTWORLD, MEASURED IN WAYS YOU CANNOT MEASURE. I AM WHAT I AM.
I AM FARENDIS.
OH.
THAT'S A START THEN

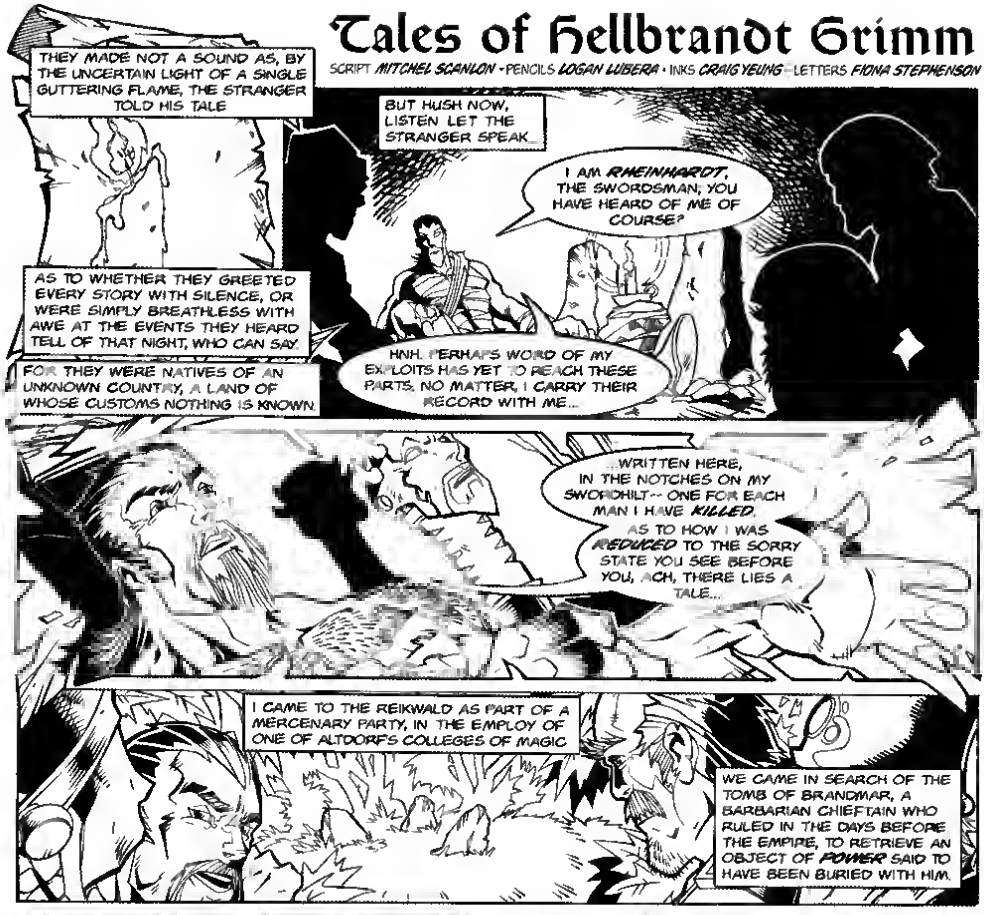
YOU ARE SMALLER IN LIFE
I AM A HUMAN OF AVERAGE BUILD
YOU SEEMED TO ME LARGER YOU SMELL OF THE MACHINE
I AM IMPERIUS DICTATIO AND IT IS ME
PERHAPS THAT IS WHAT YOU SENSE.
PERHAPS SO.
ENOUGH WITH YOUR RIDDLES! YOU WANTED A FARLEY! WHAT'S THIS ALL-

UM
MY PRINCEPS WILL DO THE TALKING
WHY ARE WE AT WAR?
WE ARE NOT. WE SHARE A FOE- THE TYRANID
YET WE FOUND YOU ATTACKING ONE OF OUR CONVOYS WAS THAT NOT AN ACT OF WAR?
IT SEEMS YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND WHAT IS HAPPENING HERE ON THIS WORLD.
MAYBE YOU SHOULD ENLIGHTEN ME.
ENLIGHTEN. A GOOD CHOICE OF WORDS
AS MUCH AS THE TYRANID CAN BE SAID TO WANT ANYTHING, THEY WANT TO ENGAGE US HERE
YOUR KIND, MY KIND
THEY HAVE FOUND A WAY TO INVADE US. A WAY BEYOND WEAPONS AND PHYSICAL DESTRUCTION
A WAY TO INVADE, TO CORRUPT.

WOULD AN UNAMBIGUOUS STATEMENT REALLY KILL YOU, FARENDIS?
AH... IT IS SO EASY TO FORGET HOW EPHEMERAL YOUR MINDS ARE, HUMAN
LET ME BE DIRECT AND HUMANLY SIMPLE
IT IS NO COINCIDENCE THAT BOTH IMPERIAL AND ELDAR TITANS HAVE BEEN DEPLOYED ON THIS WORLD
THE TYRANID HAVE FOUND A WAY TO CORRUPT THE MENTAL LINKS WE SHARE WITH OUR WAR MACHINES
WE HAVE BEEN LURED HERE AS PREY ITEMS
THEN WHY DID YOU ATTACK OUR CONVOY?
WHO TOLD YOU WE DID?
THERE IS NOT WAR BETWEEN US YOUR IMPERIAL FORCES ENGAGED US BECAUSE THEY HAD RECEIVED WORD WE WERE ASSAULTING THE WESTERN FLANK
OH GREAT EMPEROR! THEY HAVE HIM!
WHAT DO WE DO?
THAT TRANSMISSION WAS SENT FROM THE MIND IMPULSE UNIT OF AN IMPERIAL TITAN CALLED REGALIS ANNIHILATUS
" SOMETHING NOTHING WHATEVER WE CAN DO IT SEEMS THE TYRANID WISH TO GET INTO THE MINDLINK, TO SEIZE CONTROL OF THE TITANS AND IF THEY SUCCEED--
" ALL IS LOST "
NEXT: MADNESS LIES

Tales of Hellbrandt Grimm

SCRIPT *MITCHEL SCANLON* • PENCILS *LOGAN LUBERA* • INKS *CRAIG YEUNG* • LETTERS *FIONA STEPHENSON*


THEY MADE NOT A SOUND AS, BY THE UNCERTAIN LIGHT OF A SINGLE GUTTERING FLAME, THE STRANGER TOLD HIS TALE
AS TO WHETHER THEY GREETED EVERY STORY WITH SILENCE, OR WERE SIMPLY BREATHLESS WITH AWE AT THE EVENTS THEY HEARD TELL OF THAT NIGHT, WHO CAN SAY.
FOR THEY WERE NATIVES OF AN UNKNOWN COUNTRY, A LAND OF WHOSE CUSTOMS NOTHING IS KNOWN
BUT HUSH NOW, LISTEN LET THE STRANGER SPEAK...
I AM *RHEINHARDT*, THE SWORDSMAN; YOU HAVE HEARD OF ME OF COURSE?
HNH. PERHAPS WORD OF MY EXPLOITS HAS YET TO REACH THESE PARTS. NO MATTER, I CARRY THEIR RECORD WITH ME...
...WRITTEN HERE, IN THE NOTCHES ON MY SWORDHILT-- ONE FOR EACH MAN I HAVE *KILLED*.
AS TO HOW I WAS *REDUCED* TO THE SORRY STATE YOU SEE BEFORE YOU, ACH, THERE LIES A TALE...
I CAME TO THE REIKWALD AS PART OF A MERCENARY PARTY, IN THE EMPLOY OF ONE OF ALTDORF'S COLLEGES OF MAGIC.
WE CAME IN SEARCH OF THE TOMB OF BRANDMAR, A BARBARIAN CHIEFTAIN WHO RULED IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE EMPIRE, TO RETRIEVE AN OBJECT OF *POWER* SAID TO HAVE BEEN BURIED WITH HIM.
WE WERE LED BY ARNO, AN APPRENTICE MAGE IN THE SERVICE OF OUR EMPLOYERS, AND BY A MERCENARY OF *SINISTER* REPUTATION...
THIS IS THE SPOT. LEASTWAYS, IF THE SPELL-MUMBLERS ARE RIGHT.
THE ANCIENT TEXTS ARE QUITE CLEAR ON THE MATTER, THE TOMB EXISTS THE QUESTION IS HOW DO WE FIND IT?
WE DIG
...THAT BITCHBORN *BASTARD* HELLBRANDT GRIMM

THOUGH WE WERE MORE USED TO THE CLEAVING OF ENEMIES THAN THE HEAVING OF CLODS, WITHIN A DAY OUR LABOURS HAD BORNE FRUIT.
AS THE GROUND COLLAPSED, REVEALING A PIT THAT BURROWED DEEP INTO THE EARTH.
WE FOLLOWED IT DOWN, DISTURBING THE PEACE OF A PLACE THAT HAD LAIN IN SLUMBER FOR MILLENNIA
AH, BRANDMAR, I PRESUME...
HARDLY. IT IS THE HEAD OF AN ENEMY, TAKEN IN BATTLE, PLACED HERE, AS WAS THE CUSTOM AMONG THE ANCIENTS, THAT HIS GHOST MIGHT GUARD THIS TOMB AGAINST INTRUDERS.
NAFF
FORTUNATELY, SUCH PRIMATIVE MAGICS RARELY LAST, DECAYING OVER TIME, THOUGH NOT AS SWIFTLY AS DOES THE FLESH.
HERE THAT, GRIMM? THE WATCHDOGS ARE AS DEAD AS THEIR MASTER. SHEATH YOUR SWORD. AFTER ALL, WHAT IS THERE HERE FOR US TO FIGHT?
THE GREATEST ENEMY OF THEM ALL...
STUPIDITY
KRAK

HAVING SKILFULLY AVOIDED THE TRAPS LEFT TO DETER THE GRAVE ROBBERS OF AGES PAST WE CAME TO THE CENTRAL BURIAL CHAMBER.
THERE WE FOUND THE BONES OF BRANDMAR AND HIS ENTOURAGE
...AMID THE DUSTY REMAINS OF THEIR TREASURES.
A PRETTY TRINKET
MUCH MORE THAN THAT, IT IS SAID WITH THIS BRANDMAR COULD BIND EVEN DAEMONS TO HIS WILL. BUT THE RUNES CARVED ON THIS BOX SHOULD PROTECT US FROM ANY MALIGN INFLUENCES.
OUR MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, WE MADE OUR WAY TO THE SURFACE ONCE MORE...
...THOUGH THERE WERE MATTERS AMONG US AS YET UNRESOLVED.
THANK YOU, RHEINHARDT. I AM -- UHH-- UNUSED TO SUCH EXERTIONS.
THEN LET ME HELP PUT AN END TO YOUR STRUGGLES, MY FRIEND.
NO, RHEINHARDT!! NOOOO!!!
WHY, RHEINHARDT?
MY APOLOGIES, GRIMM, BUT EVEN MELTED DOWN, AND WITH THE GEMS PRISED OFF, BRANDMAR'S TRINKET IS WORTH FAR MORE THAN THE GREYBEARDS OF ALTDORF ARE PAYING US.
ALAS, IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE SUCH A REPUTATION FOR HONOURING YOUR CONTRACTS WITH YOUR EMPLOYERS, PERHAPS I COULD LET YOU LIVE
KNOW THIS, RHEINHARDT, WE WILL BE SEEING EACH OTHER AGAIN.
ONLY IN HELL, GRIMM, ONLY IN HELL.

NOW, MY FRIENDS, ARE YOU WITH ME OR WOULD YOU RATHER FOLLOW GRIMM?
THEIR SILENCE WAS ALL THE ANSWER NECESSARY AND, SHEDDING NO TEARS FOR OUR FALLEN LEADER, WE BEGAN TO MAKE OUR WAY OUT OF THE REIKWALD
TWO NIGHTS LATER WE HAD MADE CAMP BY A MUDDY STREAM WHEN I WAS ROUSED FROM SLEEP BY THE SOUND OF TRAMPLING HOOVES
RHEINHARDT! SOMEONE'S DRIVEN OFF OUR HORSES!
WHERE'S JOACHIM, DAMN HIS EYES? IF HE'S FALLEN ASLEEP ON WATCH I'LL TEAR OUT HIS THROAT
LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE BEAT YOU TO IT
COULD THIS BE GRIMM'S DOING? HE SAID HE'D BE BACK...
GRIMM'S DEAD AND GHOSTS DON'T DRAG MEN UP TREES. THIS IS THE WORK OF BANDITS, NOTHING MORE NOW, WHERE'S JOACHIM'S CROSSBOW? WE'LL BE NEED--
shunk
HUUHNNN

IN THE CONFUSION I LOST SIGHT OF THE OTHERS. I SPENT THE NIGHT HIDING IN THE WILDERNESS, IN *SILENCE*, FEARFUL LEST THE SLIGHTEST SOUND SHOULD DRAW ANOTHER ARROW.
IN THE GREY HALF-LIGHT BEFORE DAWN I CAUTIOUSLY MADE MY WAY BACK TO CAMP, SOON DISCOVERING WHAT HAD BECOME OF MY COMPANIONS
THEY SAY A MAN NEVER *TRULY* KNOWS HIMSELF UNTIL HE HAS FELT DEATH'S BONY FINGERS GRASPING AT HIS THROAT
WELL, I HAVE FACED DEATH MANY TIMES AND NEVER *WAVERED*. BUT NO MATTER, FOR AS I STARED INTO THE EYES OF MY DEAD COMRADES SOMETHING *BROKE* INSIDE ME AND...
I RAN
I RAN FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE HOURS, WITH NEITHER *THOUGHT* NOR *REASON* TO GUIDE MY WAY...
NOOOO!!!
UNTIL I FOUND MYSELF IN AN ALL TOO-FAMILIAR PLACE
THE *SHOCK* OF IT BROUGHT ME TO MY SENSES, AND IN A BURST OF SUDDEN INSIGHT, I GAVE *NAME* TO MY FAIN
GRIMM!!! I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME!
FACE ME, *COWARD*, THAT I MAY PUT ANOTHER NOTCH ON MY SWORD!
STRONG WORDS, RHEINHAROT BUT THE *TREMOR* IN YOUR VOICE GIVES YOU AWAY

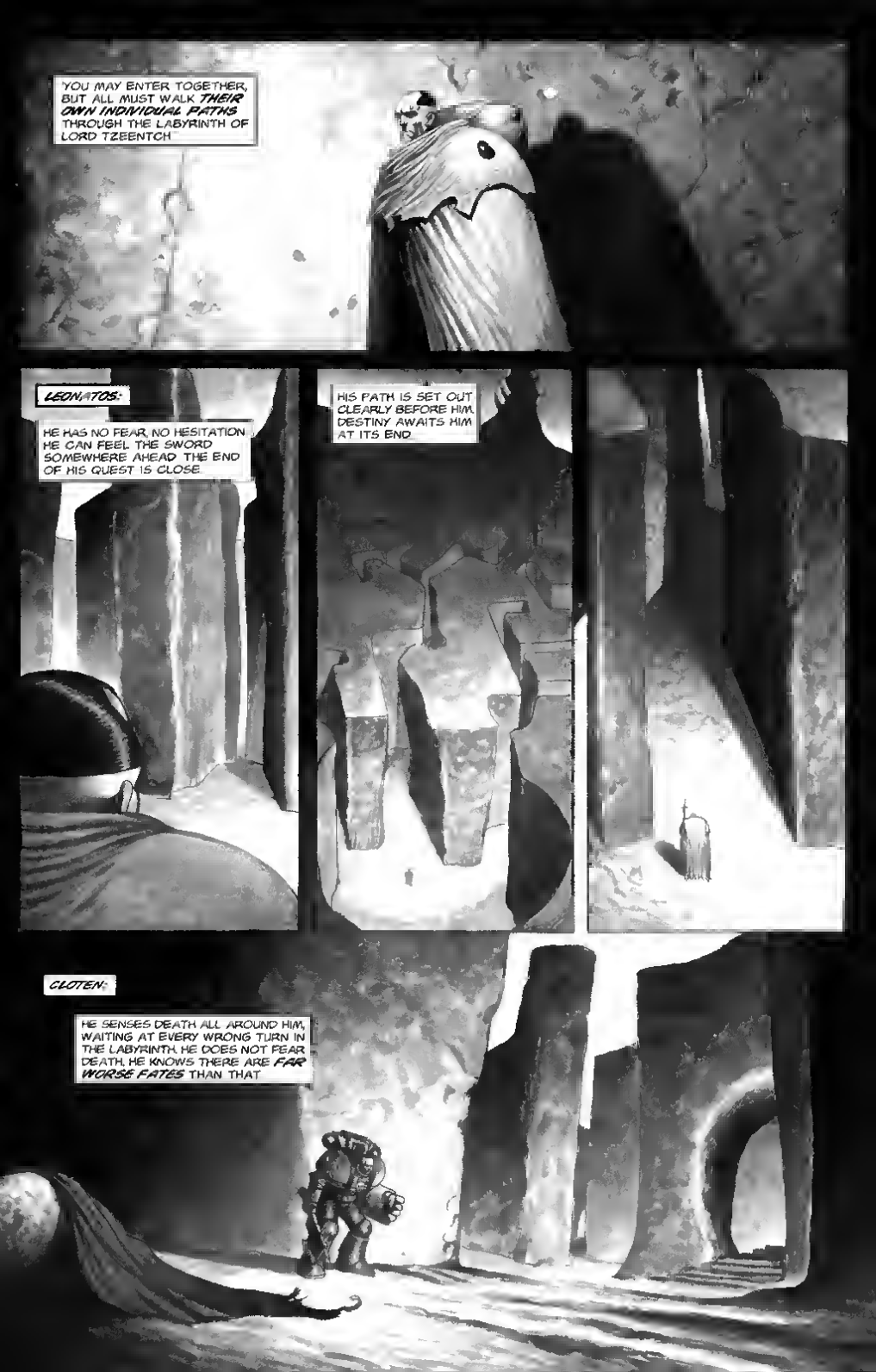
GRIMMMM!!!
ALGG!
EEARGHHH!
THIS DOESN'T END HERE, GRIMM IF YOU SURVIVED THE FALL, THEN SO CAN I
PERHAPS. THEN AGAIN, I LANDED ON ARNO'S BODY A MESSY BUSINESS TO BE SURE, BUT I WAS GRATEFUL ALL THE SAME OF COURSE, THERE WAS LITTLE LEFT OF IT AFTERWARDS
SO, IF I WERE YOU, RHEINHARDT, I WOULDN'T EXPECT A SOFT LANDING
NO!
I FELL, PLUNGING HEADLONG INTO PAIN AND DARKNESS BUT GRIMM WAS WRONG, FOR I DID SURVIVE
AND, ONE DAY SOON, HE WILL LEARN TO REGRET HIS MISTAKE, WHEN HE FINDS HIMSELF FACING MY SWORD ONCE MORE
I NEED ONLY REST, RECOVER MY STRENGTH, AND THEN...
PERHAPS, MY FRIENDS, YOU WILL BE SO KIND AS TO HELP ME CLIMB FROM THIS PIT
IF YOU MUST KILL A MAN, STRIKE FAST, AND TAKE CARE NOT TO LEAVE THE JOB HALF DONE.-- A saying of Brionne, the so-called "City of Thieves"
THE END

BLOODQUEST
EPISODE TEN
Script Gordon Rennie
Art Colin MacNeil
Letters Fiona Stephenson
THE DAEMON WORLD OF EIDOLON, ON THE FRINGES OF THE KINGDOM OF THE CHANGER OF THE WAYS.
HERE, IN THE BIRTHING SWAMPS THAT SURROUND THE TERRITORIES OF TZEENTCH, SEE NOW THE FACE OF CHAOS IN ITS RAWEST FORM THE BODY-STUFF OF COUNTLESS BEINGS COMBINED TOGETHER IN ONE HUGE FORMLESS MASS AS THEY AWAIT REBIRTH AS CHAOS SPAWN!

FOR THE THREE REMAINING BLOOD ANGELS IT IS JUST ONE MORE OBSTACLE ONE MORE DAEMON WORLD HORROR AMONGST SO MANY OTHERS TO BE OVERCOME AS THEY NEAR THE END OF THEIR QUEST
SPLAATCH
AND FOR CAPTAIN LEONATOS IT IS PERHAPS EVEN LESS THAN THAT SO BLINDED IS HE TO ALL ELSE OTHER THAN THE PROMISE OF FINALLY COMPLETING HIS QUEST!
NO..! LIEGE-CAPTAIN! BROTHER CLOTEN... HELP ME!
CAPTAIN LEONATOS... HELP ME! HELP M--
NYAAAAGH!
SKRASH!
GLLHK
HIS BODY WARPED BY THE FORCES OF CHAOS, HIS MIND AND SOUL TORTURED BY THE AGONIES OF THE RED THIRST, CLOTEN IS WELL USED TO FIGHTING AGAINST IMPOSSIBLE ODDS

AND HE HAS NOT COME THIS FAR AND SUFFERED SO MUCH TO LET ONE OF HIS COMRADES GO SO EASILY NOW!
WELL FOUGHT, BROTHER CLOTEN...
YOU!
...BUT TELL ME WAS IT NOT DIFFICULT FOR YOU TO LEAVE THE BIRTHING SWAMES? DID YOU NOT HEAR THE SPAWN-STUFF CALLING OUT TO YOU? DID YOU NOT FEEL ITS SONG DEEP DOWN IN YOUR OWN CHAOS-TOUCHED FLESH?
LOOK AT YOUR OWN STILL-CHANGING FORM NOBLE CLOTEN. HOW LONG WILL IT BE BEFORE YOU RETURN HERE TO REJOIN YOUR CHAOS SPAWN BRETHREN?
MORE MOCKERY RENEGADE? I THOUGHT YOU CLAIMED YOUR MISSION WAS TO GUIDE US IN OUR QUEST?

AND SO IT IS, BROTHER-CAPTAIN. YOU HAVE COME FAR SINCE WE FIRST MET, AND NOW MY TASK IS ALMOST DONE
BEFORE YOU STANDS THE ENTRANCE TO THE LABYRINTH OF TZEENTCH, THE FINAL CHALLENGE IN YOUR QUEST AND THE TERRITORY OF THE LAST AND MOST POWERFUL OF EIDOLON'S DAEMON PRINCES.
HE WAITS FOR YOU IN HIS LAIR AT THE LABYRINTH'S CENTRE FIND HIM AND THE SWORD - AND A MEANS OF ESCAPE FROM THE EYE OF TERROR WILL BE YOURS
MORE LIES AND HALF-TRUTHS, RENEGADE? WHAT ELSE AWAITS US IN THERE?
WHY, ONLY YOUR DESTINY, LEONATOS.
TO WALK THE LABYRINTH OF THE LORD OF CHANGE IS TO WALK THE FATE LINES OF YOUR OWN DESTINY FOR SOME THE PATH AHEAD MAY BE CLEAR, BUT FOR MANY OTHERS IT IS LESS SO
TAKE THE WRONG PATH AND YOUR FATE CHANGES ACCORDINGLY.
BEWARE ALSO THE CARDINAL RULE OF THE LABYRINTH.


YOU MAY ENTER TOGETHER, BUT ALL MUST WALK *THEIR OWN INDIVIDUAL PATHS* THROUGH THE LABYRINTH OF LORD TZEENTCH
LEONATOS:
HE HAS NO FEAR, NO HESITATION. HE CAN FEEL THE SWORD SOMEWHERE AHEAD. THE END OF HIS QUEST IS CLOSE.
HIS PATH IS SET OUT CLEARLY BEFORE HIM. DESTINY AWAITS HIM AT ITS END.
CLOTEN:
HE SENSES DEATH ALL AROUND HIM, WAITING AT EVERY WRONG TURN IN THE LABYRINTH. HE DOES NOT FEAR DEATH. HE KNOWS THERE ARE *FAR WORSE FATES* THAN THAT.

THERE IS THE LIVING DEATH OF THE RED THIRST, HUMANITY'S FINEST WARRIORS REDUCED TO SOULLESS BEASTS BY THE SECRET GENE-CURSE OF THE PRIMARCH SANGUINIUS
RRRRRRR
IT HAS BEEN CENTURIES SINCE CLOTEN LAST KNEW FEAR. HE KNOWS IT NOW. FOR NOW HE REALISES WHAT FATE AWAITS HIM HERE IN THE LABYRINTH
IT IS THE THING HE DREADS MOST. THE ONLY FOE HE HAS EVER BEEN AFRAID TO FACE
HIS OWN FUTURE SELF, FULLY SUCCUMBED TO THE TERRIBLE EFFECTS OF THE RED THIRST!
GRRRRR

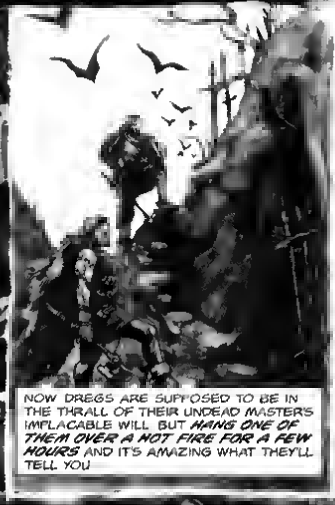
LYSANDER:
HE IS AFRAID HE IS AFRAID BECAUSE HE IS ALONE.
HE DOES NOT HAVE LEONATOS'S LEADERSHIP TO GUIDE HIM, OR CLOTEN'S STRENGTH TO PROTECT HIM. HE HAS ALWAYS HAD HIS BATTLE BROTHERS AROUND HIM FIRST IN THE SCOUT COMPANY AND THEN AS PART OF THE CREW OF THE EXILE
NOW HE IS ALONE.
ALONE IN THIS STRANGE AND TERRIBLE PLACE
LYSANDER.
WHO ARE YOU..!? SHOW YOURSELF!
IT'S ME, LYSANDER. IT'S PROTEUS
DON'T BE AFRAID. I WANT TO TALK TO YOU. I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING...
NEXT: CONFRONTATIONS!

Mordheim – City of the Damned

Script – Gordon Rennie
Art – Paul Peacock
Letters – Fiona Stephenson

4: Payback!

MARQUAND & ULLI'S GUIDE TO VAMPIRE HUNTING
STEP 1 FIND THE VAMPIRE'S LAIR NOT AS DIFFICULT AS IT SOUNDS VAMPIRES HAVE HUMAN SERVANTS CALLED DREGS TO CARRY OUT THEIR BIDDING DURING DAYLIGHT HOURS, SO ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS CAPTURE ONE OF THESE DREGS AND TORTURE HIM FOR THE INFORMATION


NOW DREGS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE IN THE THRALL OF THEIR UNDEAD MASTER'S IMPLACABLE WILL BUT HANG ONE OF THEM OVER A NOT FIRE FOR A FEW HOURS AND IT'S AMAZING WHAT THEY'LL TELL YOU

STEP 2 ALWAYS MAKE SURE YOU DO YOUR VAMPIRE HUNTING DURING DAYLIGHT AND WELL BEFORE SUNSET OBVIOUS REALLY BUT YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW MANY IDIOTS - AVERLANDERS, WITCH HUNTERS AND THOSE LUNATIC BRETONNIANS MOSTLY - GET THIS WRONG

STEP 3 THE HARD PART REMEMBER THE VAMPIRE MAY BE CONFINED TO HIS COFFIN DURING THE HOURS OF DAYLIGHT, BUT HIS HUMAN HENCHMEN AND UNDEAD SERVANTS AREN'T.
HINT: TO MAKE THINGS EASIER, KILL THE VAMPIRE'S PET NECROMANCER AND DESTROY HIS MAGICAL CONTROL OVER ANY ZOMBIES PRESENT.
FNUK

AND REMEMBER THAT FIRE IS ALWAYS AN EFFECTIVE DETERRENT AGAINST THE UNDEAD—
SEE?
FWOMM!
FINALLY, DON'T FORGET THAT VAMPIRES DON'T LIVE ALL THOSE CENTURIES WITHOUT REALISING THE IMPORTANCE OF A LAST LINE OF DEFENCE.

AND ONCE YOUR JOB'S OVER, GET OUT OF THERE QUICK WHILE THE GOING'S STILL GOOD AND THE SUN'S STILL HIGH IN THE SKY.
YOU'RE SURE THOSE CHAINS WILL HOLD?
THEY'LL HOLD TILL SUNSET, AND THAT'S ALL YOU AND ME NEED TO WORRY ABOUT
'BY THAT TIME, THAT COFFIN AND WHAT'S IN IT IS GOING TO BE SOMEONE ELSE'S PROBLEM.'
SO WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
NOW WE HOLE UP SOMEWHERE SAFE, BREAK OPEN A BOTTLE OF ALE AND WAIT FOR THE SUN TO GO DOWN AND THE SCREAMING TO START.
'AT LEAST NOW THE OTHER WARBANDS WILL THINK TWICE BEFORE ANY OF THEM TRY TO CLAIM WYRDSTONE-HUNTING RIGHTS ON OUR TERRITORY AGAIN.'
THE END

KAL JERICO
Code of Honour
VETERAN UNDERHIVERS OFTEN ARGUE ABOUT THE BEST WAY OF ATTACKING A SCAVVY GANG LAIR
SOME INSIST THAT IF YOU PICK OFF THE LEADERS THEN THE REST WILL PANIC AND RUN
OTHERS SAY YOU USE STEALTH AND SUPERIOR FIREPOWER TO SURROUND THE CAMP AND KILL THEM IN A CROSSFIRE
WISER UNDERHIVERS SAY YOU JUST LEAVE THEM ALONE LONG ENOUGH THEY'LL END UP DOING THE JOB FOR YOU BY KILLING AND EATING EACH OTHER AS USUAL.
BUT KAL JERICO, UNDERHIVE BOUNTY HUNTER FOR HIRE, HAS HIS OWN WAY OF DOING THINGS
ZAK!
BDAM!
CHAAAAAARGE!
ZAK!
BDAM!
SCRIPT GORDON RENNIE
ART WAYNE REYNOLDS
LETTERS FIONA STEPHENSON
ZATCH!
ZATCH!
SPATCH!
ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, THINKS KAL, HIS WAY SEEMS AS GOOD AS ANY OTHER

HIS FARTNER SCABBS HOWEVER, MAY DISAGREE
COULD USE SOME HELP HERE, KAL
BDAM!
BDAM!
KAL? YOU HEAR ME, KAL?
KAL? I'M REALLY NOT KIDDING HERE, KAL!
BDAM BDAM BDAM!
KLIK!
GGGRRR!
OH SCAV
GET A MOVE ON, SCABBS WE HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY YOU KNOW
SCHAOW!

I'LL DEAL WITH THE REST OF THEM. YOU SEE ABOUT *LIBERATING THEIR MEAL* OVER THERE

RESCUE! THANK THE HIVE SPIRITS, I'VE BEEN RESCUED!

I THOUGHT I WAS SCAWY FODDER FOR SURE, WHEN THE REST OF MY GANG LEFT ME BEHIND IN THAT AMBUSH.
SO HOW MUCH DID IT COST THEM TO HIRE YOU TO RESCUE ME? WHATEVER IT WAS, MY FRIEND, I'LL MAKE SURE YOU GET AN *EXTRA BONUS!*
I DON'T THINK YOU QUITE UNDERSTAND WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, SUMP-SCUM...

THIS ISN'T A RESCUE MISSION, IT'S A *BOUNTY HUNT*. THERE'S A *TWO HUNDRED CRED BOUNTY* ON YOU FOR HOLDING UP A GUILD-PROTECTED GAMBLING HOLE, AND ME AND MY PARTNER AREN'T GOING TO LET IT *GO TO WASTE ON A BUNCH OF HUNGRY SCAVVIES!*

TWO HUNDRED CREDS? LET ME GO AND I CAN GET YOU THREE HUNDRED... NO *FOUR HUNDRED*! IN COMPENSATION! WHAT DO YOU SAY?
SORRY NO DEAL..

THAT WOULD BE A BREACH OF THE BOUNTY HUNTER'S CODE OF HONOUR. NO RENEGING ON A BOUNTY COMMISSION ONCE YOUVE ACCEPTED THE JOB.
NOW KEEP RUNNING THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND YOU
LOOK OUT--!
GET DOWN!
URK
WONDERFUL. NOW WE'RE SURROUNDED, AND I CAN'T HELP NOTICING YOU DIDN'T BOTHER PUSHING ME OUT OF THE FIRING LINE.
REST ASSURED, SCABIUS, THAT IF YOUR LIFE WAS EVER WORTH TWO HUNDRED CREDS THEN I WOULDN'T HESITATE TO THROW MYSELF IN FRONT OF A DEADLY HAIL OF MISSILES TO SAVE YOU--
NOW STOP WHINING AND CUT OUR PRISONER LOOSE AND GIVE HIM A GUN, BECAUSE WE REALLY NEED SOME EXTRA FIREPOWER HERE!

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS. YOU EXPECT ME TO HELP YOU SO THAT YOU CAN COLLECT A BOUNTY REWARD ON ME.
WELL, TRY LOOKING AT IT THIS WAY
IF WE GET OUT OF HERE, YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOUR CHANCES IN A SKILDER COURT - NOT THE BEST KIND OF SURVIVAL ODDS, I ADMIT - BUT IT'S EITHER THAT OR GO BACK TO BEING CAPTURED AND EATEN BY SCAVVIES
YOUR CHOICE, OF COURSE
BDAM!
COME ON, YOU DIRTY SONS OF SCAVVERS! COME AND GET SOME OF THIS!
BDAM BDAM!
ZAK!
BLAM!
ZAK!
BDAM!
K-POW!
BDAM!
BLAM!
BDAM!
SCHOW!
ZAK!
ZAK!
ZAK!

OUTGUNNED AND OUTFOUGHT, THE HUNGRY SCAVIES FLEE IN SEARCH OF *EASIER PICKINGS* ELSEWHERE IN THE UNDERHIVE...
OR PERHAPS THEY JUST PLANNED TO COME BACK LATER WHEN THE COAST WAS CLEAR TO *FEAST ON THE BODIES OF THEIR OWN DEAD.*
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! WE FOUGHT OFF *THE WHOLE TRIBE! THREE OF US,* AND WE -
OH
...STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT, AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH TOGETHER, AND YOU'RE *STILL* GOING TO HAND ME OVER TO THE GUILDERS!
YES, I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THAT...
WE STILL CAN'T LET YOU GO AND BREAK OUR CONTRACT WITH THE GUILD, BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP YOU HIRING US NOW - SAY FOR A FEE OF FOUR HUNDRED CREDS? - TO RESCUE YOU *AFTER* YOU'RE IN GUILD CUSTODY.
SIX HUNDRED CREDS FOR BRINGING IN A BOUNTY AND THEN BREAKING HIM OUT AGAIN? I LIKE IT, BUT WHAT ABOUT OUR CONTRACT WITH THE GUILD?
YOU'RE FORGETTING THE *FIRST RULE OF THE BOUNTY HUNTER'S CODE,* SCABBS--
' ONCE YOU'VE *BEEN PAID, ALL LOYALTY TO YOUR FORMER EMPLOYERS GET FLUSHED STRAIGHT DOWN INTO THE SUMP* '
THE END